

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

"Hurrah."
The history of many a race may be read in its battle cry. The "Banzai" of the Japanese, the "Faghghallah" of the Irish, and our own "Hurrah!" have found their origin far back in history.

Although many authorities have declared that the word "hurrah" is a development of the Jewish "Hosannah," the consensus of opinion now is that it is a corruption of the ancient battle cry of the wild Norsemen, "Tur ah!" meaning, "Thor aid us!" Formerly the word was spelled "Huzza" and pronounced "Hurray." In one form or another it is used by almost every nation.



Don't Push
The horse can draw the load without help, if you reduce friction to almost nothing by applying

Mica Axle Grease

to the wheels. No other lubricant ever made wears so long and saves so much horse power. Next time try MICA AXLE GREASE. Standard Oil Co. Incorporated.

"A GOOD LOOKER."

Appearances Have Much to Do with Success in Business.

"Send me a good looking. I don't mean pretty, you know, but one who knows how to dress—the tailor made kind who visits the hairdresser and the manicure. Of course I know it costs, but we are willing to pay for it." This was a telephone message received by a large employment agency from a business man who required the services of a young woman bookkeeper and general office assistant.

A shabby necktie or soiled linen or a cheap, well worn hat may cost you very dear, for it may be a turning point in some one's mind who has been thinking of patronizing you. Business men are keen eyed, very sharp and often influenced by little things. Many a worthy youth has been sent away when applying for a situation because of some telltale in his dress or manner which made a bad impression. Young men may so far emphasize the matter of dress that their good appearance is about all there is to them. At the same time appearances have much to do with one's advancement, especially in large cities. In New York it is almost impossible for young men to get a start who are obliged to overcome the handicap of an unfavorable impression. It seems as though New Yorkers would forgive anything quicker than a slovenly or a poverty stricken appearance.—Success Magazine.

Discouraged.

Lovely Fancies—Oh, George, I sometimes think I would rather die than be married!

George—What, darling! Rather die? Lovely Fancies—Yes; you don't have to rehearse half a dozen times for that, you know.

WHAT'S THE USE?

To Pour in Coffee When It Acts as a Victorious Enemy.

Fasters have gone without food for many days at a time but no one can go without sleep. "For a long time I have not been sleeping well, often lying awake for two or three hours during the night, but now I sleep sound every night and wake up refreshed and vigorous," says a Calif. woman.

"Do you know why? It's because I used to drink coffee, but I finally cut it out and began using Postum. Twice since then I have drunk coffee and both times I passed a sleepless night, and so I am doubly convinced coffee caused the trouble and Postum removed it.

"My brother was in the habit of drinking coffee three times a day. He was troubled with sour stomach and I would often notice him getting soda from the can to relieve the distress in his stomach; lately hardly a day passed without a dose of soda for relief.

"Finally he tried a cup of Postum and liked it so well he gave up coffee and since then has been drinking Postum in its place, and says he has not once been troubled with sour stomach."

Even after this lady's experience with coffee her brother did not suspect for a time that coffee was causing his sour stomach, but easily proved it.

Coffee is not suspected in thousands of cases just like this, but it's easily proved. A ten days' trial works wonders. "There's a Reason."

Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

MILK, A REMARKABLE FOOD.

DR. HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN gives some absorbingly interesting facts about milk, the article of diet with which everyone is so familiar, "and about which so little is generally known." To quote one passage:

"Milk, as it leaves the cow's udder, contains bacteria. If the cow is dirty or there is loose hay around, dust from the cow's body and the hay settles in the milk pail, and this dust is swarming with bacteria. As soon as they reach the warm milk they commence to multiply, and in a few hours they may have increased until there are millions to the teaspoonful of milk. It is these bacteria that causes milk to sour, but most of them are not only harmless but positively beneficial. According to Professor Conn, half a teaspoonful of cream which was sour enough to be churned for butter-making contained 1,300,000,000 bacteria. If bacteria were as harmful as some imagine, no one would be alive, for who has not drunk buttermilk or eaten cottage cheese made from sour milk which contains so many bacteria that few could grasp the numbers contained in a pint of it?"

"The bacteria are plants belonging to the same class as yeast and mushrooms. No one is afraid to use yeast in bread-making, or to eat mushrooms, so no one should be afraid to drink milk simply because it contains similar vegetable forms. Sometimes poisonous bacteria get into milk, but the cases of poisoning resulting are, comparatively speaking, rare, and no one need give up drinking milk on this account."—North American Review.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

IN no other field has education in the United States made such marked advance within the last few years as in the direction of commercial knowledge and training. The last two decades were notable for progress in technical and mechanical education. They were the era of the chemist, the electrician and the civil and mechanical engineer. The era of the man of business has begun.

Commercial schools and business colleges formerly contented themselves with teaching arithmetic, bookkeeping, banking, typewriting, stenography and commercial law. They have been obliged greatly to broaden their scope. In the larger cities the free commercial high schools, the evening schools and the Young Men's Christian Associations, most of which maintain educational departments, find themselves compelled, in deference to popular demand, to establish classes in advertising, salesmanship, real estate, investments and other subjects which reflect the prevalent interest in business. Some of the colleges maintain postgraduate courses for the study of international trade in its broadest aspects, as well as in detail.

In business life itself a change has been going on not unlike that which has taken place in agriculture—a movement toward intensive and systematic cultivation of special fields. This has been fostered by, and in turn has fostered, the invention of countless ingenious "systems" and appliances for filing correspondence, keeping accounts,

ascertaining costs and attracting customers. It is easier to study business now than ever before, because business is more nearly reduced to a science.

The new education has one great attraction: it fits the young man quickly for a "job," and helps him to get it. This in itself is good. The only danger is that the "job" may come to look like the end to be attained rather than the means by which to attain it. The end is not making a living, but living. One must know business to succeed in it, but one must also know something more than business to make a real success of life.—Youth's Companion.

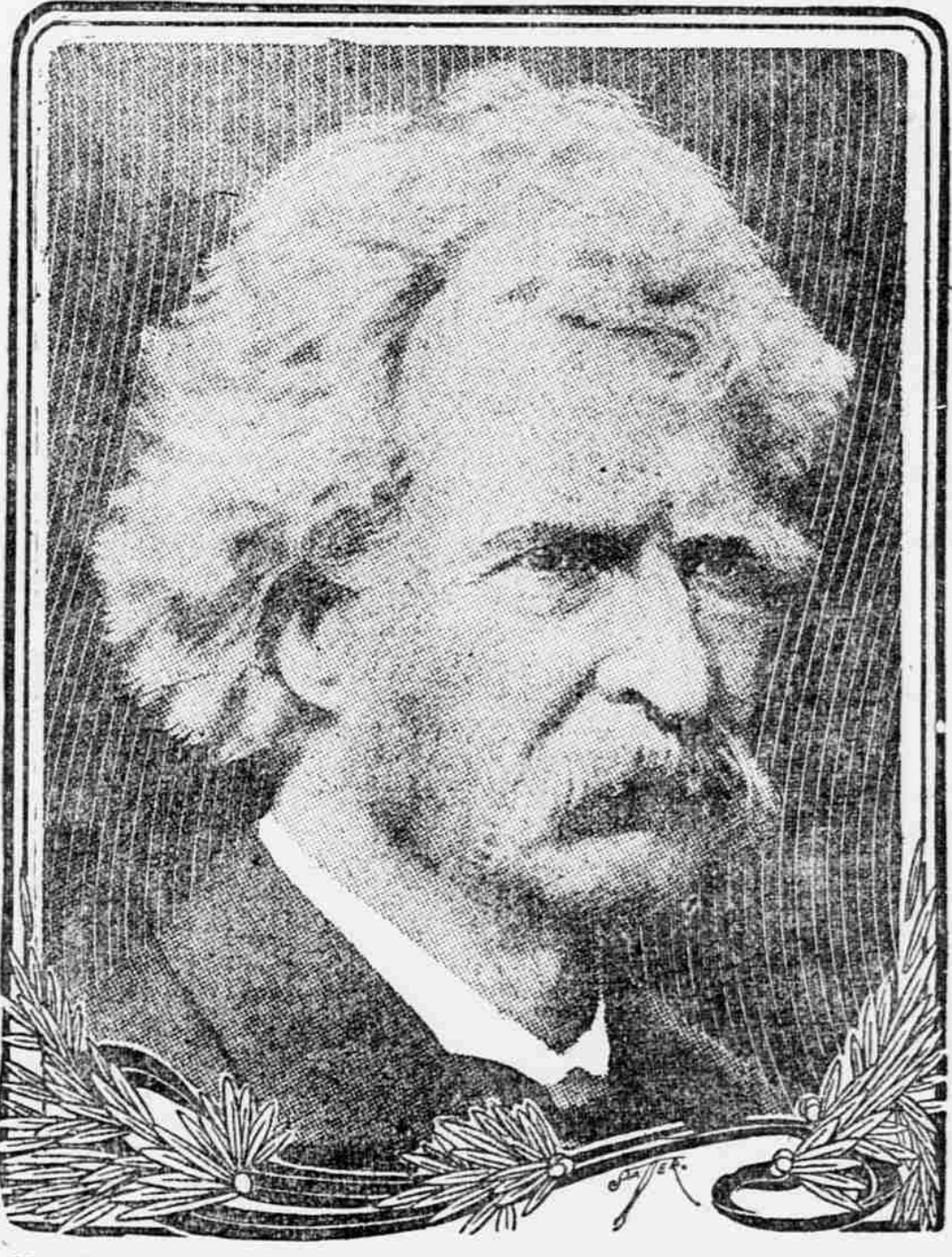
A HIGHWAY OF EMPIRE.

CANADA naturally was disappointed in the outcome of the recent Imperial Conference of Colonial Premiers in London, but she has already found in a proposal made in the closing days of the conference partial consolation for the failure of her cherished plans for English preference for colonial goods. This proposal is for an independent service between England and Australia and New Zealand via Canada. The scheme is chiefly the work of Lord Strathcona and the Honorable Clifford Sifton, and contemplates a highway of empire which would make Canada a half-way house between the motherland and her principal colonies, excepting South Africa. As outlined in the proposals submitted in the last stages of the conference by Premier Laurier, with the concurrence of the governments of Australia and New Zealand, it is proposed to establish with adequate state aid a fast service between English ports and Canada by means of three twenty-five-knot steamers, which will bring England within four days of Halifax and eight days of Vancouver. From the latter port an eighteen-knot service is to be established to Australia and New Zealand, and also to China and Japan. The project will involve, it is estimated, a state subsidy of one million pounds sterling annually for ten years.—The Outlook.

SANITATION OF SMALL TOWNS.

WE hear much of the reduction in the death rate of large cities in recent years, but very little about the improvements of the health of small towns. It is well known that all the infectious diseases claim many less victims in city life than they did twenty-five years ago, and the reason for it is not far to seek. Cities established departments of health, gave to them ample powers, and then insisted on their being effective if their appropriations were to be continued. The consequence has been that not only has much suffering been spared, but thousands—nay, even hundreds of thousands—of people are now alive who, in the words of one prominent sanitarian, have no business being alive—they would have been dead if the death rate that prevailed twenty years ago still obtained. Had they died their death would have been considered as from the hand of God. We know that their living is the result of the taking of some very simple measures for the prevention of disease.—The Independent.

MARK TWAIN TO-DAY.



MARK TWAIN'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN ENGLAND.

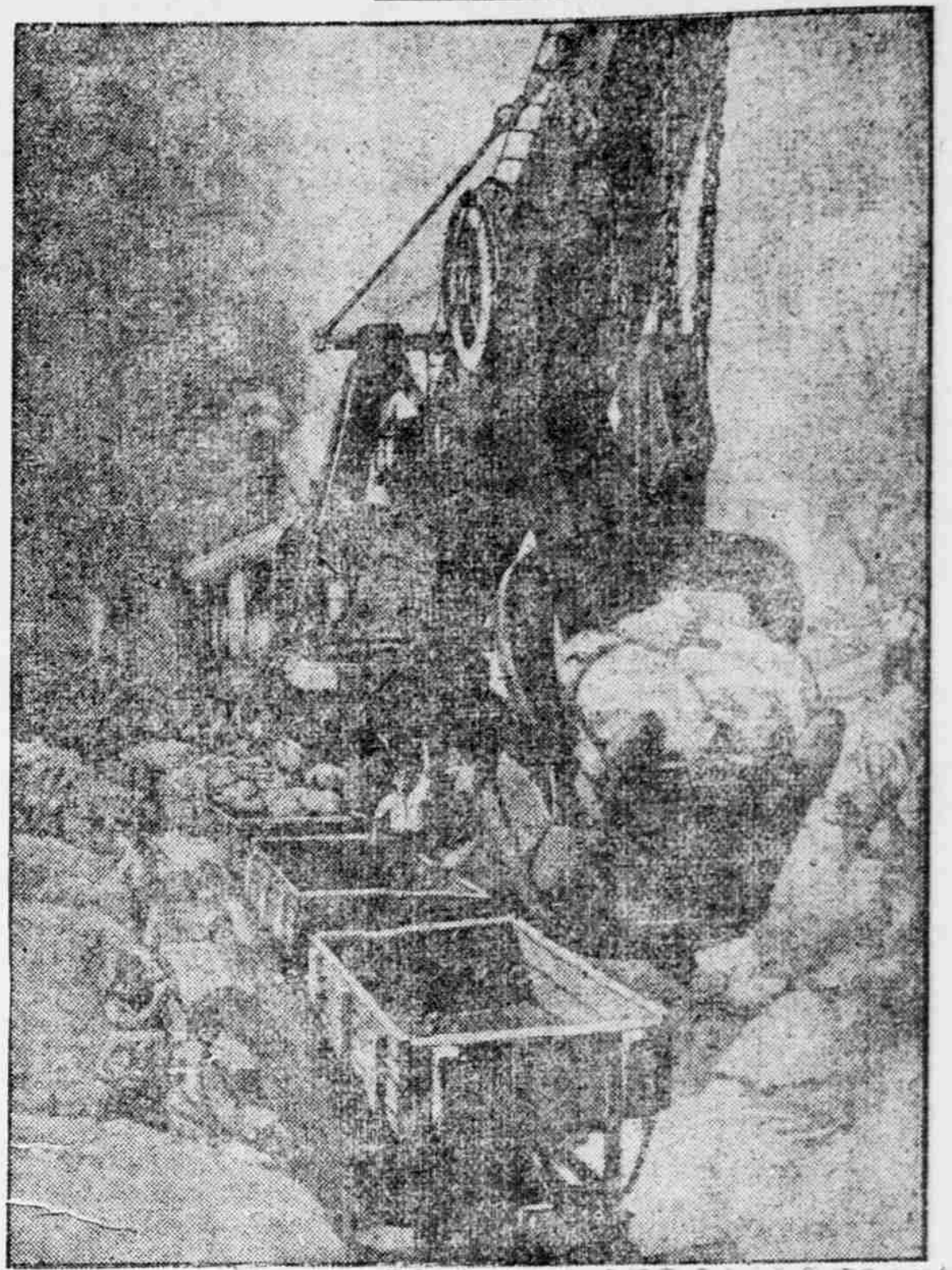
Here is exactly how Mark Twain, America's greatest humorist, looks to-day in his seventy-second year. This photograph was taken in England after his arrival there on his recent joky, king-entertaining visit. The hair is three-score-and-twelve, the face 50, the eyes 30, and the spirit, as we all know, boyish.

THE NEGRITOS.

Odd Marriage Ceremony of These Barbarous Little People.

Belonging as they do to the lowest type of civilization as yet discovered, the Negritos of Malaysia and their ways are well worth studying. Simple, primitive, barbarous little people, their customs are those of prehistoric man. They have no fixed home or settlements, but are wanderers over their mountainous islands, sleeping under a banana leaf, living on herbs and berries and game.

Their marriage ceremony is a unique survival of early life. The suitor and a few companions dance about the shelter of the desired girl. There is a curious resemblance between the dances of the prospective bridegroom and those of many of the game birds of our woodland. Finally the girl, accompanied by her mother, starts toward the dwelling of the young men. They frequently stop, squatting in the trail while the ardent suitor and his



HUGE "STEAM NAVY" AT WORK IN A PANAMA CANAL CUTTING.

The Panama Canal is being excavated by means of digging machines having the appearance of mechanical hands armed with steel nails, which tear away nearly a truckload of material at a single effort. A line of "flat cars" is seen waiting for the soil as the arm comes swinging back from the face of the cutting. The sight is a fascinating one to watch.

STURDY SECRETARY WILSON.

Man Who Has Built Up the Department of Agriculture.

For more than ten years Hon. James Wilson has held the position of Secretary of Agriculture and under him the department has grown to be one of the most important of the branches of government. When he became Secretary, the department consisted of a few scientists and a couple of roll-top desks and was not seriously regarded anywhere. He proceeded at once to revolutionize it, his main idea being to protect the home market and grab all the foreign trade he could. He acted on the theory that this was the Little Father department of the government and that the development of the industry which he represented was his chief concern. While other cabinet officers devote themselves to the routine humdrum of their duties, writes a Washington correspondent, Wilson has been "projicking" around the whole

tion which followed the war finished the breed. They got mixed up with others until a pure-bred Morgan horse became unknown and the breed entirely disappeared. Wilson took up this task about two years ago. He got a man in Vermont to give 200 acres for a Morgan horse farm, and Wilson is running it.

He has also gone in for developing a distinct breed of American coach horse. He has got a place out in Colorado where the work is being managed by one of his scientists, and expects to produce an extraordinarily handsome breed of horses. George Rommel is the man in general direction of this scheme.

Wilson has given a great deal of attention to the problem of corn breeding, of solving the problem how to get as much corn as possible on one hill. If a man gets only two or three ears to a hill Wilson regards it as a waste of productive force, because the total number of bushels produced is less than it ought to be. He sent out to Illinois and got Shamel, the most distinguished corn breeder in the world, to come east and take charge of this scheme.

These are merely a few illustrations of the way in which Secretary Wilson has been playing the Little Father for ten years. His department is now one of the greatest in the government and he has thousands of men under him while his predecessors had scores or hundreds.

Nobody can do more with Congress than Secretary Wilson. Every year it is announced that expenses are going to be cut down—not on the navy or army, but on civil expenses, rivers and harbors, postoffices, agriculture and such things. The River and Harbors Committee swears that river and harbor expenses shall not be cut down, and the Postoffice Department throws fits. But Secretary Wilson goes down to the Agricultural Committee, meets blank and hostile faces, and in two hearings has them all won over to his side. Not by blarney, not by rhetoric. By jamming facts into them in his nasal snarl.

There are refreshing things about Wilson, in this age of kow-towing to the powers that be. He bends the knee to nobody, not even to Roosevelt. He never antagonizes anybody recklessly, and never surrenders his opinion to anybody. And in a fight he is a holy terror. For he fights as craftily as he fights boldly.

Wilson was the man back of the great fight on meat inspection consequent upon Upton Sinclair's disclosure of the beef-packing horrors. He was back of the Beveridge bill, back of the President's activities; never in the foreground, hardly ever heard of, but continually and remorselessly pushing the packers and their congressional advocates into the background.

Caution.
Under oath the oil magnate was asked how much he possessed. "Your honor," he said, "before this outrage goes further I would like to know if there is present any representative of the assessor."

He was assured on this point, and also that newspaper men had been excluded. "And you ask me how much I am worth?" "Yes." "I don't know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reminders.
"Is your wife spiteful?" "The worst ever! She keeps all my old love letters."—Detroit Free Press.

As a rule, when a girl begins to give some thought to her beauty it begins to deteriorate.



SECRETARY JAMES WILSON.